

Nearly Two Hundred Guests Expected at Trinity For Game, Promenade and Weekend House Parties

YEHOODI AND THREE HUNDRED COHORTS PLAN SUNDAY COUP

I woke up the other morning not quite sure whether my head was going to blow off or merely topple off, and, as I opened my eyes, there, sitting on the foot of the bed was a little man. This particular morning the foot of the bed seemed the proper place for the little man to be sitting, so I didn't ask him what he was doing in my room, but merely said, "Hello."

He glanced at me casually, nodded peremptorily and returned to his contemplations of a large object protruding from the bottom of the bed, which, after a few moments spent in focussing, I recognized as my foot.

I tried to think back to events of the night before to see if perchance I had brought someone home with me. There was no clicking in my brain to indicate I had reached the root of the problem, so I finally reached the conclusion that he probably wasn't there anyway, and that we had better forget about him.

I pulled the covers over my head and tried to think of something else, but the expression on that wise face kept leaping to my mind's eye, so I took another peek. He was still there in the same position, still watching my large pedal extremity. Rudely I jerked the foot inside the covers, but he never moved a muscle. Suddenly I had an inspiration! In a loud voice I hissed, "If you aren't nice, I'll take a bicarb and get rid of you."

That did the trick. Instantly he woke up. "Well, what is it?" he snapped. "Come, come, my time is

valuable. If you must indulge in idle chatter, my man, be quick about it." A little taken back by this outburst, I nevertheless gathered my forces and led with my chin. The following dialogue ensued:

Question—What is your name, sir?

Answer—Obviously you are a stupid fool. Any observing person could tell you my name. I am Yehoodi, Count of the province of Vacuum.

Question—What are you doing here?

Answer—I am studying the whys and where-then-if-not-nows of whatsis.

Question—May I ask, Count Yehoodi, if you intend to stay here long, and how, if you are here did you get here?

Answer—Please treat me with more respect, my dear fellow; of course I'm here. I came in my car, which is parked out in back in the mirage and I intend to stay until I have completed my rather extensive studies.

Question—How long have you been here?

Answer—Off and on since the sixteenth of September, mostly on Sunday mornings.

Question—I see what you mean. By the way, are you going to be here for the Sophomore Hop?

Answer—I am not quite sure. Bunny Berigan has asked me as a special favor to him to stay inside the piano during the dance and hit the right wires. He wants me to give the matter my special attention, but I think

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Jilted Romeos Seek Solace in Society Based on Misery Loves Company Adage

A group of fatalistic swains, finding that love is a sham and that even their collective One and Only has proven but a vixen and a hussy, have recently formed an organization at Trinity known as the Broom Club, or League for Lost Lovers. Al (Lord Byron) Goebel, founder of this haven for tortured spirits, has publicly announced the rules of the club.

(A) The candidate for admission must present a fraternity pin, together with proof that it once was the proudest possession of his enamoured one; or

(B) He must present a letter, officially designated his Broom Letter, from his fair damsel, proclaiming in no uncertain manner the fact that she is Through With Him Forever. If the candidate is accepted, the letter is duly framed and displayed on the walls of the Club Room, beneath the Club Charter.

Upon investigation, this charter was found to read as follows:

"Dear Al:

We've had good times together, but really, I don't think there is any use of going on like this. We'd better just forget about the whole thing.

Betty."

Before every meeting, the potentate declared, the members stand and sing the club hymn, "I'll Never Smile Again." During the meeting, different members relate their amatory woes and disillusionments. To keep

the club's motif of sorrow and dejection, and to get even with the world in general, the club has resolved to support as little as possible such activities as the Sophomore Hop, studies, women, and the Willkie campaign.

To the annoyance of all members, the club's meeting place has recently been moved from the Hollow Tavern to a certain Vernon Street den of iniquity. It seems that Nick insisted on using the club insignia to sweep the floor.

"The big defect in our organization," said Assistant Potentate Fasi, "is that there ain't any provision for us to fall in love again. Here I am—between two dilemmas—my loyalty to the Club, and Stella."

"Life is cruel," said Gavin, a new

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TURN VVHERSL

Come one, come all! All Trinity men attend the super-pep rally in front of the "Bishop" tonight at 6.30. Torchlight, banners, cheers, beautiful girls, plenty of spirit. We have a fighting team this year, let's have some real support! Come out tonight and give your mascot, Thurman L., a big thrill. How about some of that old college spirit? Remember last year's Amherst game! Whoop it up now and tell Hartford that Trinity is going to get revenge tomorrow!

AMHERST INVADES TRIN SATURDAY FOR CRUCIAL GAME WITH JESSEEMEN BATTLE TO BE CLOSE

Highlighting the week-end here will be the Amherst-Trinity football game, to be played tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. From data and various other reports gathered previous to the time of this writing, in all probability the battle will be the closest, bitterest, and most hard-fought of all games ever played between the rivals. Studying records of the two teams, one will observe that Amherst has been beaten this fall by Wesleyan, who, in turn, has succumbed to Coast Guard. The Blue and Gold, however, have edged the Cadets, which fact indicates the keen struggle to come. Furthermore, the Lord Jeffs bowed, only after a long, hard fight, to Harvard early in the season. Trinity has run its consecutive winning streak to four games, and it hopes to add a fifth at the expense of the powerful Jeffmen. All these observation, however contradictory, point to one conclusion—that neither Amherst nor Trinity will emerge definitely victorious Saturday until the final whistle has been blown.

Dan Jessee's outfit will, for the first time this season, be at practically full strength, and after a full two weeks' rest from intercollegiate competition will take the field in excellent physical condition. The only man not available for action will be Killian, who broke his leg during the Worcester Tech game. However, the backfield squad, constantly riddled with various injuries heretofore, is intact now. Captain Bill Ryan not only will be able to pass but also will contribute his dynamic cursorial prowess to

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CROSS COUNTRY TEAM RUNS AT MASS. STATE

Trinity's Varsity cross-country squad will journey to meet the ever potent Massachusetts State harriers on their Amherst course next Tuesday. Whenever the name of Massachusetts State is mentioned in connection with cross-country, it is always taken for granted they have a strong, well-organized combination. This year's squad is no exception to the rule and from all reports they will be a formidable foe. Last year Massachusetts State beat Trinity 27-28 on Trin's course.

The Massachusetts State course is rather hilly and measures four miles. Trinity will be the underdog unless the team as a whole shows a great improvement. After running in the Connecticut Valley Meet, which course measured 4.6 miles, Trin's harriers should be in fine shape for Tuesday.

Captain Jim Caffrey, a game runner who has had tough luck this season with a leg injury, will lead his small but game fighting runners against the heavily favored Massa-

(Continued on page 4.)

Berigan's Orchestra to Play For Dance on Friday Evening

DANCE CHAIRMAN



Randy Sharp

TRINITY BOOTERS MEET POWERFUL LORD JEFFS MACMEN UNDERDOGS

Game to Be Played Saturday in Conjunction with Gridiron Battle with Jeffs

Tomorrow the Trinity varsity soccer team clashes with Amherst for the sixth game of the Hilltoppers' season. In the last game with Coast Guard, the Trinity kickers seemed to have hit their early season stride and managed to play a good all around game, despite the deplorable weather conditions. Winning the game with Coast Guard gives the team three wins out of five starts, which is the best record a Trinity soccer team has had at this stage of the season for some years.

When Trinity hits Amherst it will have to contend with one of the smoothest working front lines in the east. No doubt Trin's fullbacks, Tyler and Johnson, and goalie Crockett will have a task on their hands to keep the Lord Jeffs out of the Trinity net. The Jeffs get most of their goals on long passes from the wings to the hard-kicking and accurate inside men.

The Trinity backfield still remains the same with Crockett at goal, Tyler and Captain Johnson at the fullbacks. Halfbacks Heseltine and Richards were sick and missed the last contests, but will be back in uniform against Amherst. The probable half-back lineup will be Brown, Heseltine, and Cannon.

Coach McCloud has been continually shifting the front line, using the same men most of the time, but playing them in different forward line positions. The five most used players seem to be Roberts, O'Malley, Carpenter, Dexter and Bestor, with Williamson also seeing considerable action.

If the Trinity men can make pick-up where they left off against Coast Guard Academy, they should give the Sabrinas a tight game, although Amherst is slightly the favorite at the

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Hartford Club to Be Scene Of Formal Frolic from 10 p. m. 'til 3 a. m.

SATURDAY BIG DAY

Amherst Game in Afternoon and House Parties in Evening Add to Festivities

For the past few days, a dense cloud of confusion has been hanging ominously over the Trinity campus. Little men have been running around frantically waving telegrams from Brenda, Cobina and the like. Some have been encouraging, some discouraging, but the net result is all the same—dance weekend is here. From near and far, les belles femmes will entrain for Hartford for a weekend of mad, mad fun.

It all starts when young Tim Trin, attired in his finest I. Squeeze tweeds and registration button, meets the object of his affections at the train sometime Friday afternoon. From the station, Tim and his girl will probably proceed to a quiet corner of one of the local bars, where Tim and several of his friends will pour sweet nothings into the ears of the fortunate girl.

At ten o'clock, Tim and date will make their first formal appearance when the doors of the Hartford Club swing open to the mellifluous strains of Bunny Berigan's music. First of all, there will be card dances, which will probably be somewhat of a failure due to the general state of chaos that prevails at such functions. However, Tim will dismiss this slight discrepancy with a wave of the hand. Contrary to custom, Tim will be deprived of his shiny new hip flask, but he and his girl will be able to imbibe freely of the bottled delights at

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ELECTIONS HELD BY COLLEGE RIFLE CLUB

The Trinity College Rifle Club has held two meetings since its formation a short time ago and has secured a rifle range where its members may practice marksmanship. As a result of elections held in the club, John Ward was elected president; William Tribelhorn, treasurer; and Ralph Calaceto, secretary.

The club holds its meetings every Thursday evening at 7.30 in Woodward Lounge, and it has rifle practice every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon from 2 until 4 and on Saturday from 12.30 until 2.30. Its rifle range is in the catacomb under the second section of Jarvis.

At the present time there are twelve members who have joined together for the purpose of learning how to handle rifles and to become more proficient in the use of firearms. A secondary purpose which bands the group together is amusement and

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FOUND IN A SCRAP BASKET

Dear Shirley:

I am sorry this letter is arriving so late, but as you know, I am a very busy boy—what, with quizzes, papers, beer drinking and other social functions to attend to. The point of all this is that I would like you to come down to our semi-annual brawl the week-end of November 8 and 9. On Friday night we are going to swing the dream to the smooth rhythms of Bunny Berigan and his band, after which (if we are lucky) we will probably get some sleep. Saturday you may come with me and be bored in a few classes. When we have finished collecting the yawns we will probably skip around to the smart uptown supper clubs. Then comes some sort of an athletic contest (I can't remember which one), and then the heaven of heavens—fraternity dances. When these are over a few of the boys and myself have found a late spot that will probably prove interesting.

I know all this will probably distract you from your college curriculum, but please come, my little passion flower, as all the laughs will be in Hartford this weekend. Wire me (prepaid) at once and tell me that you are going to grant my heart's deepest desire. Waiting to hear from you.

With more love than you ever met up with before,

JOE.

P. S.—Don't forget to give my love to Kay, Margie, Helen, and also that beautiful blonde roomie of yours. More love.—J.

P. P. S.—For God's sake wire.

Dearest Joe:

Hope you received my wire. I'm sorry it was collect, but you know how the old man is these days, what with the price of crockery going down so low. As you have probably gathered, I would love to come to your party. If you have time between beers, please drop me a short line and tell me when you want me to arrive, what kind of dresses I should bring, and all the usual baloney. I would like all this to be pretty definite as mother says a girl can't be too careful with these college men nowadays.

It was sweet of you to ask me to your prom and I'm glad I'm coming, but I hear that you asked Marjorie Schlitz first. Is this really true? I hope not. I have given your love to all the girls you mentioned except my roommate, who is so smooth that I think I'd rather let you do it in person.

From what you say this party must be the No. 1 bingie-wingie of the year. I was talking to a Yale man last night and he said that Trinity is not such a bad place after all. I hope he's right, but you can never trust these Yalies.

Looking forward to seeing you on the coming weekend. With more love than you have ever seen before.

Your sweetie,

SHIRLEY.

WEEK-END CALENDAR

November 8:

10.00 p.m.—Sophomore Hop at Hartford Club.

11.00 p.m.—Lost, one Hop date!

11.30 p.m.—Retrieved!

12.00 m.—Berigan goes berserk.

November 9:

3.00 a.m.—Moonlight Serenade.

4.00 a.m.—Time for delicious, delightful, tempting Texas Wieners.

8.25 a.m. — Oh! Alka-Seltzer, please!

8.31 a.m.—To class in a "Tux." (Don't those profs ever cut loose themselves?)

11.00 a.m.—Cocktails somewhere.

1.30 p.m.—Siesta.

2.00 p.m.—Football—poor Amherst (?)

5.30-6 p.m. — Smoker at Mrs. Joe's, tete-a-tetes elsewhere.

9.00 p.m.—Social activities at frat. lodges.

November 10:

Bicarbonate! Chapel if you can take it. Picnics, "Quickie" parties. Farewell to arms. Remorse!

Senior Ball Next Stop!

SPORTS SIDELIGHTS

By "Stork Club" Teddy

No doubt most of the Tripod readers are ardent movie goers and remember those pictures in which gallant young aviators went forth to do battle against the enemy with their true love's silk stocking flowing in the windstorm from the top of their flying helmets; we were wondering if such a contrivance might not be rather colorful in respect to the Trinity football team. We like to conjure up the picture of Don Walsh tearing down the field, Amherst men powerless to halt him, while from the top of his Blue and Gold headguard streams in curving symmetry a "Nylon" hose.

Any celebrated athletes in college who have flashing toothy smiles and think that they are famous enough to warrant endorsing a toothpaste, might look around this week-end and find such an occasion waiting for them.

We're not mentioning any names, but a certain young lady who will be honoring us with her presence this Saturday is closely connected with said toothpaste, she is a New York debutante and while she is addicted to going around with the so-called smooth lads, she is rather partial to ace athletes and especially so if they are handsome; in addition to which if they flash bright grins she may well trot over to them and inquire "Do you use Squibbs?"

What with the Trinity College field hockey team engaging in weekly combat with local girl schools it seems that it might be a good idea for the visiting lassies to form a group of stalwarts to challenge the Hilltoppers. We know that the Trin men would be highly in favor of such a contest and certain couples after a long week-end in each other's company will probably be only too happy to exchange a few mutual swats with the hockey bats.

If any of the young ladies present feel that they at some time during the week-end will be in need of a shotgun, they will find a practice range for would-be markswomen in the basement of Jarvis Hall. This range is the property of the Trinity College Rifle Club, a recently formed organization, headed by Ralph Calaceto and Bill Tribelhorn.

Incidentally, we would like to warn the young sirens who are our guests this week-end to please do away temporarily with any marital intentions. The soccer team lost one of its best players last week when he entered into sanctuary from the draft.

Just remember "femmes Fatales" that we still have Wesleyan on our schedule, and will need all our forces.

SWINGS AT HOP



Bunny Berigan

SOPHOMORE HOP

(Continued from page 1.)

the bar, until three o'clock when the dance closes.

Saturday morning, Tim will probably sleep through three or four more or less vital lectures while his more fortunate mate is doing the same in a downtown hotel. At one o'clock, Tim and his girl will venture to the soccer field to witness the soccer game between Amherst and Trin. At two o'clock, they will go to the football game, where for the next two or three hours, they will cheer ecstatically through jaundiced vocal chords for the Blue and Gold eleven as they battle with the Amherst forces. After the football game, Tim and his girl will attend several extemporaneous cocktail parties at which they will sing all of the more popular college songs and go through the motions of dancing.

At eight o'clock that night, Tim and his female companion will go to Tim's fraternity dance where they will trip the light fantastic until the curfew at twelve o'clock. During this evening, they will make several journeys to other fraternities where, they will encroach upon the hospitality of Tim's friends while these self-same friends are in the act of wolfing Tim's girl.

Sunday will be somewhat of a fiasco for both Tim and his girl. They will spend most of the morning in sleeping off the effects of Saturday night, after which there will be vague references to food and a soulful farewell before Tim drags his dilapidated frame back to the room for a "bull session" with the boys.

AMHERST PREVIEW

(Continued from page 1.)

the cause. Dick Weisenfluh is rapidly regaining his former drive and stamina that figured considerably in the Jessemen's victory over Vermont. Joe Beidler, hampered by minor injuries recently, is now approaching prime condition. The same is true of several other stalwarts, such as Knurek, Fasi, Fay, and Thomsen, all of whom will be ready for the call. The Blue and Gold will be at their best, and they will have to be, in order to cope successfully with the Jeffs.

Bob Blood will be back to watch in the Amherst lineup. A constant nemesis last year for the Hilltoppers, he will lead the strong offensive operations of the visitors. Fundamentally the Lord Jeffs concentrate on running plays sparked by Blood and Mulroy, and they have been highly potent therein thus far.

In all probability this game will be interesting to watch because two of the classiest running backs in New England small college competition will be pitted against one another—Joe Beidler against Bob Blood. Perhaps the very outcome will depend upon the respective efforts of these two stars. At all events, no matter who is victorious and how, both teams are determined to win this crucial contest between two of the keenest rivals in this section of the country.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Nov. 11—Armistice Day. Organ recital in Chapel at 8.15 p.m., Harold Friedell, Calvary Church, New York.

Nov. 12 — Faculty Sewing Bee (marks).

Nov. 13—Thank you letters arrive.

Nov. 14—8.15 p.m. Chapel Recital, Theramin and Organ. Madame Rosen and Professor Watters.

Nov. 15—3 p.m. Soccer vs. Wesleyan. Freshman soccer vs. Wesleyan freshmen. Cross-country vs. Massachusetts State, away.

Nov. 16—2 p.m. Football vs. Wesleyan, away.

Nov. 17—Chapel, 8, 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Nov. 18—Auditorium, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "Dante as a Medieval Humanist" by the Reverend Gerald G. Walsh, S.J.; Chapel Organ Recital: Paul Callaway, Washington Cathedral.

Nov. 19 — Bushnell, Boston Symphony.

HERE AND THERE

COW PASTURE POLO

The Delta Psi Maulers edged out the Oxford Orioles, Sunday on the Trinity soccer field by the score of 1-0. The track was fact; ask Scratch Gorman who put his foot in it. Chester Ward was brought in as a dark horse ringier to bolster the strength of the really weaker male team. Promoter and player, Charles Cook, saw during the game that if something drastic was not done, his faction would thereafter be known as males of an inferior quality. He distracted the attention of the opposing goalie, Connie Rockwell, by coyly engaging her in a conversation about this and that, thus permitting his side to sneak in the only score of the game. Oh yes, they were playing field hockey.

FOLLOW THAT MAN

The law commandeered Jack Menzie's car Monday night in an effort to capture an erring Negro who easily outran the auto, thus proving that a Negro is, quote: "always at his best under times of stress and strain" (end quote).

SO THIS IS AMERICA!

Tailspin Mitchell found himself in an unpleasant situation Monday night when he inadvertently drove into the middle of a Roosevelt parade. It is said that the constituents of said parade did not greet his "Willkie" labelled car with much affection. Indeed the abuse that they hurled after him was concrete enough to mark his car all up. Come now, Comrade Roosevelt, the Revolush sheeza too queek.

INTERCEPTED

Dear Tanya:

I would write sooner but 3 cents is all I had and I needed that for a new fuse. When I get off the boat, I go to reservation in Oklahomavitch, but no Red Men there...so I bomb reservation. They say lots of Reds in colleges but I get beat up in Cornell. I stand on corner and say, "down with capital," 100 times, but no good; Frankie, he beat me to it. I say 1,000 times, "the capitalists exploit your money," but Frankie, he say it already to 60,000,000 insurance policyholders. I shout, "down with Democracy," but D. A. R., A. L., K. K. K., Comrade Poll Tax, and Grandfather Clause beat me to it. I holler "dictator!" but a thousand people say it louder every day.

Tanya, it's hopeless. I am going on relief and exploit the Government. In the United States it is better than in Russia; in Russia one has to work.

Unlongingly yours,

Petrovitch.

GIFT HORSE

Student—"Why did you give me that 15?"

Professor Dadourian—"I didn't give it to you; you earned 5 of it."

The Call to Arms!

Alpha Chi Rho
Peggy Bolan, Waterbury, Conn.; Elaine Sheridan, Hartford, Conn.; Frances Brown, Plymouth, Mass.; Dorothy Kellog, Hartford, Conn.; Shirley Mullins, West Hartford, Conn.

Alpha Delta Phi
Nancy Wilcox, Providence, R. I.; Audrey Johnson, Hartford, Conn.; Jacqueline Montgomery, Montclair, N. J.; Sallie Welch, Winnetka, Ill.; Janet Rughey, Montclair, N. J.; Evelyn Hagarty, Hartford, Conn.; Patricia Wright, Garden City, L. I.; Peggy Bowen, Rehobath, Mass.; Victoria Strong, Hebron, Conn.; Peggy Duff, Riverdale, N. Y.; Martha Taylor, Riverdale, N. Y.; Pussy Kitchen, Rochester, N. Y.; Frances Dwyer, Hartford, Conn.; Merilyn Easton, Barrington, R. I.; Suzanne Santry, Boston, Mass.

Delta Kappa Epsilon
Barbara Weeks, Pittsfield, Mass.; Winthrop Palmer, Northampton, Mass.; Leonore Cudahy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Bettyanne Ross, Belmont, Mass.; Joan LaRoche, New York City; Virginia Smith, Farmington, Conn.; Ann Matthis, South Duxbury, Mass.; Margaret Mendello, Hamden, Conn.; Freda Toring, Reading, Mass.; Jean Russell, West Hartford, Conn.; Betsy Smith, New York City; Stella Richardson, New York City; Mary Beth Davis, New York City; Francine de Couvremont, Deauville, France; Molly Gillett, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Harriet Hyde, Northampton, Mass.; Allison Broatch, Old Lyme, Conn.; Claudia Eblen, Northampton, Mass.; Barbara Peele, Springfield, Mass.; Louise O'Brien, West Hartford, Conn.; Jean Ellsworth, Windsor, Conn.; Isabel Scofield, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Barbara MacDonald, Providence, R. I.; Jean Burns, West Hartford, Conn.; Kay Anderson, Essex, Conn.

Delta Phi
Marjorie Gore, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Emily Sanderson, Hartford, Conn.; Gail McCarthy, Westport, Conn.; Marie Eaton, Collinsville, Conn.; Mary Skipp, New Haven, Conn.; Janice Nelson, Hartford, Conn.; Daphne Harding, Lyme, Conn.; Adele Cook, West Haven, Conn.; Elizabeth Spangler, Devon, Pa.

Psi Upsilon
Marjorie Freeman, Montclair, N. J.; Jane Randall, Hamden, Conn.; Catherine Lane, Atlanta, Georgia; Katherine Leas, Wayne, Pa.; Lisa Gorham, Albany, N. Y.; Tony Pinchot, New York City; Pauline Magnuson, Middletown, Conn.; Barbara Twitchel, Mt. Holyoke, Mass.; Ruth Ann Bryant, Bridgeport, Conn.; Pat Hoffman, Darien, Conn.; Sally Coughlan, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Happy Mathes, Greenwich, Conn.; Jayne Gaillard, Cheshire, Conn.; Daisy Davidson, Cooperstown, N. Y.; Anne Perkins, New Bedford, Mass.; Polly Moore, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Delta Psi
Judy Freeman, Hewlett, L. I.; Barbara Wear, St. Louis, Mo.; Jean Flynn, West Hartford, Conn.; Ruth Thibault, Ardmore, Pa.; Nancy Shepard, West Hartford, Conn.; Dorie Kessack, Bethlehem, Pa.; Mary Blair Goodell, West Hartford, Conn.; Ruth English, Milton, Mass.; Barbara Ware, New York; Nancy Bernard, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; Edith Moir, Boston, Mass.; Jane Whitney, New Haven, Conn.; Patricia Bevier, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Frances Cauchois, Yonkers, N. Y.; Barbara Brown, Greenwich, Conn.; Virginia Ranney, Weston, Mass.; Virginia Bogert, New York; Joan Davis, Washington, D. C.; Nancy Tenney, Boston, Mass.; Cricket Ingersoll, West Hartford, Conn.; Audrey Ivison, Hewlett, L. I.; Lillian Westaway, Englewood, N. J.; Marjorie McClure, Swarthmore, Pa.; Betty Emmons, New York.

YEHOODI COUP

(Continued from page 1.)

I will assign one of my deputies to the job, because I like to dance.

Question—If you come to the Hop to dance, will you bring a date?

Answer—Of course, only wolves and the little-man-who-wasn't-there come to dances without dates. I will bring my fiancée.

Question—What is your finacee's name?

Answer—Her name is Notsomuchereandevenlessperhaps, but I simply call her Gonebutnotyet for short.

Question—What are you doing for a living these days?

Answer—I am a tailor. I just received a fine order from a nudist colony, and in my spare time I'm the bill collector for a cash-and-carry ice firm.

But now as it was getting rather late and as classes were casting their lengthening shadow on my conscience, I decided it was time to arise and do a little shining. So I told him rather apologetically that he would have to leave. That didn't seem to bother him, because he said he would be back on the morning of the 11th with about three hundred of his friends. He thought that many would be

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SWING SHELF

This, the first Swing Shelf of the current year, is the result of an old Tripod saying, "When in doubt write a Swing Shelf."

Righteous jazz, far from reflecting anything from the troubled outside world, goes its happy and gin-sodden way, oblivious of wars, presidential elections, and football games. The same old boys are playing together at the same old places. Nick's in the Village, the Hickory House, Dicky Wells in Harlem, all the places are still finding it profitable to serve the best in jazz.

Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Lauda band has at last broken up. This hot group had Bud himself on tenor, Max Kaminsky on trumpet, Brac Gowen on trombone, and Dave Tough on drums. There were several others in the outfit but their names slip my mind. There is an interesting legend connected with the origin of the Summa Cum Laudas. It seems that the class of 1928 at Princeton on its tenth anniversary wanted to have at its reunion something which was very typical of the days when they were at old Nassau. The members decided on a jazz band. Bud Freeman got some of his old Chicago friends to come down to Princeton and play for the boys. The band sounded so well and its members enjoyed playing together so much that it remained for about two years after the first job. During its existence these boys produced some of the finest hot jazz ever recorded. They reached incredible heights of masterful production. Some of the greatest figures in the history of jazz were seated in that band and their work shows it. Some of the band's best records are, "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," "Jazz Me Blues," "Royal Garden Blues," and "A Good Man is Hard to Find."

The work of Maxie and Bud is particularly good. "Glorious strains of unpremeditated art" was Shelley's definition of jazz 200 years before its




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JILTED ROMEOS

(Continued from page 1.)

member, and one-time Boy Scout. "I've made up a code for the club, which expresses our feelings pretty well:

"We, the Fallen Knights of the Broom Club, resolve to have Grief, Sorrow, Distress, Woe, Bitterness, Heartache, Misery, Unhappiness, Tribulation, Wretchedness, Desolation, and Despair."

Everybody seems unhappy about the whole matter.

Miller sax phrasing, but rich color and sincere chords which have as much beauty as anything jazz has produced. Not that Jazz has the intention of being beautiful. Jazz is and desires to be essentially physical, earthy, and eminently secular. While it is not the intention to trace the origins of jazz, it always should be remembered that it was born in the brothels of New Orleans, and the licentious river boats of the Mississippi.

Some of the better Ellington records are, "The New Black and Tan Fantasy," "Solitude," "Jack the Bear," "Blue Goose," "Sophisticated Lady," "Koke." For an interview with the better type of swing, try Ellington, and if he does cut Glenn Miller, then your taste is bad.



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COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of The Tripod:

Those of us who feel that it is not only the function of a college dramatic organization but its duty to produce a worthwhile play at least once a season have been appalled by the Jesters' choice for fall production "Silas the Choreboy" was enjoyable mostly because of its novelty. The play last spring was horribly minor league in character, but well acted. "Ten Nights in a Barroom" is hardly a play for a serious organization.

Of course there is always the excuse that the Jesters made money last year on inferior plays. However, I think that the leaders of the Jesters are underestimating the general level of intelligence of the student body when they say that only poor stuff can make money. There is a larger student body here and a new spirit which demands that all college activities be given support.

Why could not the Jesters gamble with last year's money on a good play, one that both the audience and players would find satisfactory? If this current trend continues, the Jesters will be down to minstrels, and there is a feeling about campus that several of its actors would make better end men than anything else.

There was an Englishman named Shakespeare who wrote some middling plays. There is no royalty to be paid, a fact which should please some of our penny-pinching Jesters.

Mourning Thespius.

CROSS - COUNTRY

(Continued from page 1.)

chusetts State hill and dalers. Bob Smellie and Ed Rosen have shown marked improvement over last year, as is true with Gulliver, Bennett, and Elrick, but on the whole the team is handicapped with only a six-man team.

Coach Ray Oosting has been pessimistic concerning the outcome of the Massachusetts State contest, but he firmly believes that Trin can win if they do their best.

SOCCER PREVIEW

(Continued from page 1.)

present time. Another comparison which deserves some consideration is the fact that Yale beat the Hilltoppers by two goals and the Lord Jeffs by one.

MISTAKEN INTENT

Last Thursday, Professor Dadourian told how the public debt was internal, owed to "ourselves" and therefore was nothing to worry about. Afterwards he is reputed to have received a telephone call from another mathematician whose message ran something like this: "Professor, that was the best speech I have heard during the entire campaign. I have never heard such a subtle wit. Irving Cobb couldn't have done it better."

"But I wasn't funny, was I?"

"No, that's just it; you were so serious."

ECONOMY PLUS

(Dedicated to a Model "A" Ford by the name of Downbeat)

Today we live in the modern age. Where streamlined autos are the rage, But I am still a firm believer In the Model "A" as a foot reliever.

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The roof may leak with a steady drip, But a piece of tape will fix the rip. A piece of wire, plus a little perception Will fix most any loose connection.

Yes, this auto is economy plus, To repair or fix it requires no fuss. So beat on motor, eight to the bar, As I lift my hat to the Model "A" car.

Dick Tullar, '43.

RIFLE CLUB

(Continued from page 1.)

pleasure. Dues are collected so that enough money may be raised to enroll the club in the National Rifle Association. When the club becomes better organized and more adept, it is hoped that the club can arrange matches with other college rifle teams. An attempt is being made to affiliate the club with some local rifle team so that the club may secure the use of a better rifle range.

All those who are interested in joining the club should see John Ward. It is expected that each member will provide himself with a rifle but provision can be made whereby a rifle may be borrowed.

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